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TALES.

THE GOVERNESS.

FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

Part the First.

I HEAD my advertisement thus ;—“ Wanted—a governess” commenced Mrs. Gresham :—who had called upon her sister, Mrs. Hylier, to consult concerning the important document ; Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Hylier being both in want of resident governesses to educate their children. A visiter was also present, a Mrs. Ryal, confessedly the “ most clever woman” of the neighborhood—an astonishing manager ; but although the ladies desired her advice, they were somewhat in dread of her sarcasm.

Mrs. Gresham had repeated, “ Wanted—a governess,” when an old gentleman, a Mr. Byfield, was announced. The trio of wives and mothers looked at each other, as if to say, “ What a bore !”—and then Mrs. Hylier rose gracefully from her *chaise longue*, and smiling sweetly, extended her hand, and welcomed Mr. Byfield with exceeding warmth of manner ; while Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Ryal declared aloud their delight at being so fortunate as to meet a neighbor they had so rarely the pleasure to see.

The party thus assembled were all inhabitants of the bustling yet courtly suburb of Kensington ; and Mr. Byfield being a rich and influential, though a very eccentric, man, was sure of the deference which people of small means are too prone to exhibit towards those whose fortunes are simple.

“ Do not let me interrupt you in the least, ladies,” said the old man, quietly taking his seat near the window. “ Mr. Hylier promised I should look over these pictures by daylight ; and when you have talked your own talk, there will be time enough for mine.” The ladies, one and all, declared their conviction that his “ talk” must be more pleasant and instructive than theirs. He smiled—shook his head—touched his hat, (which he had laid at his feet) as if to say he would either go, or have his own way ; and so Mrs. Gresham recommended reading—“ Wanted a governess. Any lady possessing a sound English education, a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music, and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages ; also with rudiments of Latin.”

“ Latin !” interrupted Mrs. Ryal.—“ Latin ! why, what do you want with Latin for a pack of girls ?”

“ I thought,” answered Mrs. Gresham, meekly, “ that as there are but three girls, Teddy might do his lessons with them for a little while ; and that would save the expense of a tutor.”

“ Oh, very good—very good,” replied Mrs. Ryal ! then add also, Greek ; if the governess is anything of a classic, you'll get both for the same money.”

“ Thank you, dear Mrs. Ryal ; how clever you are ! G-r-, there are two ee's in Greek ?—also the rudiments of Latin and Greek.”

“ I beg your pardon once more,” said the provokingly “ clever lady ; ” but make it Greek and Latin ; that is the correct way.”

“ Greek and Latin, and the principles of drawing, if her character will bear the strictest investigation, may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P.”

“ Post-paid,” again suggested Mrs. Ryal.

“ Of course,” continued Mrs. Gresham, “ and as the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Ryal, “ I think that will do. You have not specified writing and arithmetic.”

“ English education includes that does it not ?”

“ Why, yes ; but you have said nothing about the sciences.”

“ The children are so young.”

“ But they grow older every day.”

“ Indeed, that is true,” observed pretty Mrs. Hylier with a sigh, and a glance at the pier-glass.—“ My Ellen, through only ten, looks thirteen. I wish her papa would let her go to school ; but one of his sisters imbibed some odd philosophic notions at school, so that he won't hear of it.”

“ Certainly,” observed Mrs. Ryal, “ I will never again take a governess into my house to reside—they are an *exigeants*. One was imprudent enough to wish to get married, and expected to come into the drawing-room when there was company of an evening. Another would have a bedroom to herself ; through, I am sure, no one could object to sleep in the same room with my own maid. An other—really the world is very depraved—occasionally a painful difference between Mr. Ryal and myself ; and let that be a warning to you, my dear friends, not to admit any pretty, quiet, sentimental young ladies into your domestic circles. Mr. Ryal is a very charming man, and a good man ; but men are but men, after all, and can be managed by any one who flatters them a little. Of course, he is a man of the highest honor ; but there is no necessity for having a person in the house who plays and sings better than one's-self.”

“ Oh, my dear Mrs. Ryal !” exclaimed both voices, “ you need never fear comparison with any one.” The jealous lady looked pleased, but shook her head.—“ Well, at last I resolved to be my own governess—with the assistance of a *young person*, who comes daily for *three* and sometimes I get *four* hours out of her ; and she is a very reasonable—two guineas a month, and a dines with the children. She is not *all* I could wish. Her manners are a little defective, for she is not exactly a lady.—Her father is a very respectable man, keeps that large butter shop at the corner—I forget—somewhere off Piccadilly ; but I prefer it, my dear ladies, I prefer it—she does all the drudgery without grumbling. Your officers' and clergyman's daughters, and decayed gentle women, why, their high-toned manners—if they never speak a word—prevent one's being quite at ease *with* them, though they are, after all, only governesses.”

“ But,” suggested Mrs. Gresham, mildly, “ lady-like manners are so very necessary.”

“ Yes,” answered Mrs. Ryal, “ so they are ; for you and I”—

“ And children so easily imbibe vulgar habits, that it is really necessary to have a lady with them.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Ryal with sneer, “ ladies are plenty enough. I dare-say you will have fifty answers. What salary do you mean to give ;

Mrs. Gresham was a timid, but kind-hearted woman ; one who desired to do right, but had hardly courage to combat wrong. She was incapable of treating any thing unkindly, but she would be guilty of injustice if justice gave her much trouble ; she hesitated, because she required a great deal, and intended to give very little.

“ I cannot give more than five-and-twenty pounds a year to any one,” said Mrs. Hylier, in a decided tone. “ My husband says we cannot afford to keep two men-servants and a governess. He wanted me to give the governess seventy, and discharge Thomas ; but that was quite impossible ; so I have made up my mind. There are only two girls ; no boys like my sister Gresham's little Teddy ; she can spend every evening in the drawing-room when we are by ourselves—have the keys of piano and library—amuse herself with my embroidery—go to church in the carriage on Sunday—and drive at least once a week with the children in the Park. There !” added Mrs. Hylier ; “ I am sure there are hundreds of accomplished women who would jump at such a situation, if they knew of it.”

“ Washing including ?” inquired Mrs. Ryal.

"No. I think she must pay for her own washing, unless there was some great inducement."

"You allow no followers?"

"Oh, certainly not. What can a governess want of friends? Her pupils ought to have all her time."

"God help her!" murmured the old gentleman. The murmur was so indistinct that the ladies only looked at each other; and then Mrs. Hylier said "Did you speak, sir?" There was no answer; the conversation was resumed with half a whisper from one lady to another, that perhaps Mr. Byfield was not deaf at all times.

"And what do you intend giving, Mrs. Gresham?" questioned Mrs. Ryal.

"I have three girls and boy," she replied; "and I thought of forty."

"It will be impossible to prevent your governess from talking to mine, and then mine will get discontented: that is not fair, Fanny," observed her sister; "say five-and-thirty, allowing for the difference of number."

"And plenty I call it," said Mrs. Ryal. "What do they want but clothes? They never lay by for a rainy day. There are hundreds—yes of well-born, and well-bred ladies—who would be glad of such situations."

"I am sorry for it," said the old gentleman, rising and advancing to where the three Kensington wives were seated; "I am very sorry for it."

"Indeed, Mr. Byfield! why, we shall have the better choice."

"Forgive me, ladies, for saying so—but still more am I grieved at that. Permit me to read your advertisement."

Mrs. Gresham colored; Mrs. Hylier had sufficient command over herself not to appear annoyed; but Mrs. Ryal, the oracle of a *clique*, the "clever woman," who had, by dint of self-esteem and effrontery, established a reputation for intellectual superiority over those who were either too indolent or too ignorant to question her authority, evinced her authority, evinced her displeasure by throwing herself back in her chair, loosening the tie of her bonnet, and dressing her lips in one of those supercilious smiles that would mar the beauty of an angel.

"Wanted, a governess," read the old gentleman, who frequently interrupted himself to make such observations as the following:—"Any lady possessing a sound English education—that in itself is no easy thing to attain—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of either the one or the other, requires the labor of a man's life, my good ladies—and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages—how very useless and absurd to found professorships of modern languages in our new colleges, when, in addition to the musical knowledge that would create a composer, a single person, a young female, can be found possessed of a *perfect* acquaintance with French, Italian, and German! Oh, wonderful age!—also, the rudiments of Greek and Latin—may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P. post-paid, Post-Office, Kensington. Much as you expect in the way of acquirements and accomplishments, ladies," continued the critic, still retaining fast hold of poor Mrs. Gresham's document, "you have not demanded a great deal in the score of religion or morality

—neither are mentioned in your list of requisites."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Hylier, "they are taken for granted. No one would think of engaging a governess that was not moral and all that sort of thing, which are always matters of course."

"To be sure they are," added Mrs. Ryal, in that peremptory tone which seemed to say, Do you dare to question my opinion? "To be sure they are; and every one knows that nothing can be more determined with respect to religion and morality than my practice with my children. Rain, hail, or sunshine, well or ill, the governess must be in the house before the clock strikes nine. Psalms read the first thing; and if they have not got well through the French verbs, a chapter besides *for punishment*; catechism, Wednesdays and Fridays; and the Collect, Epistle and Gospel, by heart every Sunday after church. I always do two things at once, when I can; and this strengthens their memory, and teaches them religion at the same time. I never questioned my governess as to religion; it looks narrow-minded; and yet *mine* never dreams of objecting to what I desire."

"I should think not," was Mr. Byfield's quiet rejoinder; "strange ideas your children will entertain of the religion that is rendered a punishment instead of a reward."

Mrs. Ryal grasped the tassel of her muff, but made no reply.

"Oh," he continued, "here is the pith in a postscript—'As the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.' Ladies!" exclaimed the old man, "do you not blush at this? You ask for the fruits of an education that, if it be half what you demand, must have cost the governess the labour of a life, and her friends many hundred pounds. It is your duty to treat as one of your family the person who is capable of bestowing upon your children the greatest of earthly blessings; and you make the doing so a reason for abridging a stipend, which pays a wretched interest for time and money. Shame, ladies, shame!"

The ladies looked at each other, and at last Mrs. Hylier said, "Really, sir, I do not see it at all in the light in which you put it. I know numberless instances where they are glad to come for less."

Tears came into Mrs. Gresham's eyes, and Mrs. Ryal kicked the ottoman violently.

"The more the pity," continued Mr. Byfield; "but I hold it to be a principle of English honesty, to pay for value received, and of English honor not to take advantage of distress."

"Suppose we cannot afford it, sir—am I to do without a governess for my children because my husband cannot pay her sixty or seventy pounds a-year?"

"But you said just now, madam, that Mr. Hylier wished you to pay that sum."

"Yes," stammered the fair economist, "if—if—"

"If you could manage with one footman," said the old gentleman, "instead of two. In my young days, my wife, who had but one child, and we were poor, said to me—'Joseph, our girl is growing up without education, and I cannot teach, for I never learned, but we must send her to school.' I answered that we could not afford it.—'Oh, yes, we can,' she said; 'I will discharge our servant; I will curtail our expenses in every way, because I am resolved that she shall be well edu-

cated, and honestly paid for.' It never occurred to that right-minded, yet simple-hearted woman, to propose lower terms to a governess, but she proposed less indulgence to herself. Thus she rendered justice. She would sooner have worked her fingers to the bone than have bargained for intellect. Ay, Mrs. Ryal, you may laugh; but of all meannesses the meanest is that which depreciates mind, and having no power but the power that proceeds from a full purse, insults the indigence which often hides more of the immaterial world beneath a russet gown, than your wealth can purchase."

"My wealth?" exclaimed the offended lady; "your wealth, if you please; but though your wealth, and your oddity, and your altogether, may awe some people, they *can* have no effect upon me, Mr. Byfield—none in the world; every one says you are a strange creature."

"My dear Mrs. Ryal," said Mrs. Hylier, "you positively must not grow angry with our dear friend, Mr. Byfield; he does not mean half what he says."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the eccentric old gentleman; "I mean a great deal more. I only wish I had the means of giving to the world my opinion as to the inestimable value of domestic education for females. I would have every woman educated within the sanctuary of her own home.—I would not loosen the smallest fibre of the affection which binds her to her father's house; but as it is a blessing which circumstances prevent many from enjoying, I would command the legislature of this mighty country to devise some means for the better ordering and investigation of 'ladies' boarding schools.' To set up an establishment for young ladies is very often the last resource for characterless women, and persons who, failing in all else, resort to that as a means of subsistence. Such temporary homes should be under the closest superintendence of high-minded and right-thinking gentlewomen. I look upon the blue-boarded and brass-plated schools that swarm in our suburbs," he added, as he turned away to hide an emotion he could not control—"I look upon them as the very charnel-houses of morality."

Mrs. Ryal elevated her eyebrow, and shrugged her shoulders, while the gentle Mrs. Gresham whispered her "not to mind; that Mr. Byfield was half-mad on the subject of schools."

"Ladies," said the old man, apparently recovered from his agitation, and in his usually quiet, calm, yet harshly-toned voice; "ladies, you are, in different degrees, all women of the world; you live with it, and for it, and you are of it, but you are also mothers; and though your Ellen, Mrs. Hylier, does grow so fast as almost to overtake her mother's beauty, and you, Mrs. Ryal, stand in open defiance of vulgar contagion, because you fear a rival in a well-bred governess, and get more time out of your daily laborer than you would expect from your miliner for the same money; and you, Mrs. Gresham—but I cannot say to you more than that you all love your children—some more, some less—still, according to your natures, you all love them dearly. So did I mine. My child was all the world to me! I told you what her poor mother did for her improvement—the sacrifice she made. But though we had the longing to secure for her every advantage, we had no skill as to the means of obtaining the knowledge we so desired

her to possess. We placed her at a 'first-rate school,' as it was called, and thought we had done our duty; but this going from her home loosened the cords of love that bound her to us. And when a sudden stroke of good fortune converted a poor into a rich man, and we brought our child to a splendid house, we found that our daughter's morals had been corrupted through the means of her companions—an evil the most difficult of all for a governess to avert—and that she had imbibed moral poison with her mental food." The old gentleman became so agitated, that he could not proceed; and angry as the ladies had been with him a few moments before for a plain-speaking which amounted to rudeness, they could not avoid sympathising with his feelings.

"But we are not going to send our children to a school," suggested Mrs. Gresham.

"I know that, madam," he replied; "but I want to convince you, by comparison, of the blessings that await the power of cultivating both the intellect and the affections under your own roof, and so argue you into the necessity of paying honestly, if not liberally, the woman upon the faithful discharge of whose duties depend the future happiness or misery of those dear ones whom you have brought into the world. It is now twenty-two years since I saw that daughter; I shall never see her again in this world; I thought I had strength to tell you the story painful as it is, but I have not. I would have done so, in the hope that I might have shown you how valuable, past all others, are the services rendered by a worthy and upright woman when entrusted with the education of youth; but when I think of my lost child, I forget every thing else. She stands before me as I speak. My blue-eyed lovely one! all innocence and truth—the light, and life, and love of that small four-roomed cottage; and then she loved me truly and dearly; and there again she is—most beautiful, but cankered at the heart, fair, and frail! Lay your children in their graves, and ring the joy-bells over them rather than intrust them to the whirling pestilence of a large school, or the care of a cheap governess!"

"He certainly is mad," whispered Mrs. Ryal to Mrs. Hylier, while the old gentleman, folded his hands one within the other, walked up and down the room, his thoughts evidently far away from the three wives, who were truly, as he had said "mere women of the world." And yet he was right—they all loved their children, but it was after their own fashion; Mrs. Gresham with the most tenderness—she wished them to be good and happy; Mrs. Hylier's affection was mingled with a strong desire that they might continue in a state of innocence as long as possible, and not grow too fast. Mrs. Ryal had none of that weakness; she did not care a whit whether she was considered old or young, as long as she was obeyed; so she determined her girls should have as little of what is called heart as possible, that they might be free to accept the best offers when they were made. She was continually contrasting riches and poverty.—All the rich were angels, and all the poor thieves; there were no exceptions; those who married according to their parents' wishes rode in carriages, with two tall footmen behind each; those who married for love walked a-foot with draggled tails, and died in a workhouse. Of all women in Kensington, Mr. Byfield disliked Mrs. Ryal the most, and

seeing her at Mrs. Hylier's had irritated him more than he cared to confess, even to himself. Mrs. Ryal entertained a corresponding animosity towards Mr. Byfield; she had resolved, come what would, to "sit him out;" but she was afraid if she remained much longer, that Miss Stack, the daily governess, whose mother was ill, might go a few minutes before her time was up, and she had more than once caught her shaking the hour-glass—so much for the honesty of one party and the consideration of the other; she knew perfectly well that as soon as she was gone, she would be abused "by the old monster;" for she was conscious that, if he had gone, it would have given her extreme pleasure and satisfaction to abuse him. The old gentleman had not spoken for several minutes, but continued to walk up and down, pausing every now and then to look at her over his spectacles, as if to inquire, "when do you mean to take your departure?" Mrs. Ryal was too exalted to notice this; but after consideration, she rose with much dignity, shook hands with her two "dear friends," dropped a most exaggerated curtsey to Mr. Byfield, who, the moment she was out of the room, threw himself into an easy chair, and drew a lengthened inspiration, which said plainly enough, "Thank heaven, she is gone!"

"And now, ladies," he exclaimed, "finding that you want a governess, I want to recommend one—not to you, Mrs. Gresham; notwithstanding, 'little Teddy,' she would be too happy with you. I should like her to live with you, Mrs. Hylier."

"With me, sir? Why, after the censure you have passed upon us both, I should hardly think you would recommend us a dog, much less a governess."

"I expect you will treat your governess hardly as well as I treat my dog," was the ungracious reply.

"Really, Mr. Byfield—"

"Psha, ladies," interrupted the strange old man; "no words about it; I have not been so long your opposite neighbor without knowing that your last governess did not sit at your table; that when you had the hot, she had the cold; that when a visiter came, she went; that she was treated as a creature belonging to an intermediate state of society, which has never been defined or illustrated—being too high for the kitchen, too low for the parlor; that she was to govern her temper towards those who never governed their tempers towards her; that she was to cultivate intellect, yet sit silent as a fool; that she was to instruct in all accomplishments, which she must know and feel, yet never play anything in society except quadrilles, because she played so well that she might eclipse the young ladies who, not being governesses, play for husbands, while she only plays for bread! My good madam, I know almost every governess who enters Kensington—by sight; the daily ones by their early hours, cotton umbrellas, and the crowded, dejected air with which they rise the knocker, uncertain how to let it fall. Do I not know the musical ones by the worn out boa doubled round their throats, and the roll of new music clasped in the thinly gloved hand?—and the drawing ones—God help them—by the small portfolio, pallid cheeks, and haggard eyes? I could tell you tales of those hard-laboring classes that would make factory labor seem a toy; but you would not understand me, though you can understand that you want a

governess, and you can also understand that I, Joseph Byfield, hope you will take one of my recommending."

The sisters looked at each other, as well as to say, "What shall we do?"

Mrs. Hylier assumed a cheerful, careless air, and replied—"Well, sir, who is your governess?"

"Who she exactly is, Mrs. Hylier, I will not tell you; and she does not know, though she imagines she does; what she is I will tell you. She is handsome, without the consciousness of beauty—accomplished, without affectation—gentle, without being inanimate—and I should suppose patient; for she has been a teacher in a school, as well as in what is called a *private family*; but I want to see her patience tested."

"Is she a good musician?"

"Better than most women."

"And a good artist?"

"This was not in the bond; but she does confound perspective, and distort the human body as excellently as most teachers of—the art that can immortalise—"

"My dear sir—"

"Ay, ay; half a dozen chalk heads—a few tawdry landscapes, with the lights scratched out, and the shadows rubbed in—a bunch of flowers on velvet, and a bundle of handscreens—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Hylier, "these sort of things would not suit my daughters; what they do must be *artistic*."

"Then get an artist to teach them; you go upon the principle of expecting Hertz to paint like Eastlake, and Eastlake to play like Hertz. Madam, she is a well-informed, prudent, intelligent gentlewoman; with feeling and understanding; consequently doing nothing ill, because she will not attempt what she cannot accomplish. She will not undertake to *finish* (that's the term, I think) pupils in either music or drawing, but she will do her best and as she has resided abroad, I am told (for I hate every language except my own) she is a good linguist; and I will answer for her accepting the five-and-twenty pounds a-year."

"Very desirable, no doubt," muttered Mrs. Hylier, unwilling, for sundry reasons of great import connected with her husband, to displease Mr. Byfield, and yet most unwilling to receive into her family a person whom, judging of others by herself, she imagined must be a spy upon her *menage*.

"I knew you would so consider any one I recommended," said the old gentleman with a smile that evinced the consciousness of power; "and when shall the '*young person*' (that is the phrase, is it not?)—when shall she come?"

"I think I should like to see her first," answered the lady, hesitating.

"Very good; but to what purpose? you know you will take her?"

"Any thing to oblige you, my dear sir; but has she no female friend?"

"Some one of you ladies said a few moments ago, that a governess had no need of friends."

"You are aware, Mr. Byfield, it is usual upon such occasions to consult the lady the governess resided with last; it is usual; I do not want to insist upon it, because I am sure you understand exactly what I require."

"Indeed, madam, I do not pretend to such extensive information; I know, I think, what you

ought to require, that is all. However, if you wish, you shall have references besides mine," and Mr. Byfield looked harder and stiffer than ever. He walked up to a small water-color drawing that hung above a little table, and contemplated it, twirling his cane about in a half circle all the time. The subject was ugly enough to look at—a long chimney emitting a column of dense smoke like a steamer, and a slated building stuck on one side, being a view of the "Archilles saw mills," which Mr. Hylier had lately purchased, a considerable portion of the purchase-money having been advanced by Mr. Byfield.

"No matter how odd, how rude, how incomprehensible our old neighbor is, Caroline," Mr. Hylier had said to his wife only that morning; "no matter what he does, or says, or fancies; if you contradict or annoy him, it will be my ruin."

Her husband's words were forcibly recalled to her by the attitude and look of the old gentleman, and she answered—"Oh, dear no, sir, not at all; one cannot help anxiety on such a subject; and I must only endeavor to make the lady comfortable, and all that sort of thing, although I fear she may complain to you of"—

"No, no, madam," he interrupted; "I do not desire her to be treated in any way better than your former governess; I wish to see how she bears the rubs of life; I particularly request that no change whatever be made in her favor; if I wished her to be quiet and comfortable, I should have sent her to my gentle little friend Mrs. Gresham."

Mrs. Hylier bit her lip. "Good morning, ladies; when shall Miss Dawson—her name is Emily Dawson—when shall she come?"

"When you please, sir."

"To-morrow, then, at twelve."

He shut the door; Mrs. Gresham rang the bell; and Mrs. Hylier, in a weak fit of uncontrollable vexation, burst into tears.

"Did you ever know such a savage?" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham.

"I am sure you have no reason to complain—if it was not for the bold he has over Hylier!"

"I wonder if she is any relation of his?" said Mrs. Gresham, who was a little given to romance.

"Not she, indeed; he is as proud as Lucifer, and has money enough to enable him to live in a palace."

"Could it be possible that he intends to marry?" suggested Mrs. Gresham.

"Marry, indeed; would any man that could prevent it, permit the woman he intended to marry to be a governess? No. I'll trouble my head no more about it; let her come; one is pretty much the same as another; the only thing that really gives me pain is, that Mrs. Ryal should have heard so much of it; she's a regular bell-woman; likes to have the earliest information of whatever goes on in the world, so as to be the first to set it going. She was the means of the dismissal of five governesses only last winter, and there is no end to the matches of her breaking. She will declare the girl is—the Lord knows what—if she finds all out."

"Well," said Mrs. Gresham, musingly, "after all, it is very odd; only fancy Mr. Byfield taking an interest in a governess *at all*. Still, I must insert my advertisement, and I think I might substitute dancing for Greek; they are about equally useful, and one must not be too unreasonable."

"Very considerate and good of you, Fanny,"

said her sister; "but believe me, the more you require the more you will get; and I am not sure that Mrs. Ryal was wrong about the sciences; every day something fresh starts up that no one ever heard of before, and one must be able to talk about it; it is really very fatiguing to keep up with all the new things, and somehow I do not think the credit one gets by the knowledge is half, enough to repay one for the labor."

"Mr. Gresham says the whole system, or as he calls it, *no system*, of female education is wrong."

"My dear Fanny, how absurd you are! What can men possibly know of female education? There is my husband, a worthy man as ever lived, and yet he will tell you that the whole object of female education should be to make women—now only imagine what?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, good wives and mothers."

Both ladies laughed, and then Mrs. Hylier exclaimed, "to think of my taking any one into my house under such circumstances! But at all events, I must prepare the children for their new governess."

[To be Continued.]

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

THERE was once a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman, who had her in care, went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and—sang, when a lady passed by. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music-master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Puhe, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "elevé" for the opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her! Away with her!"

The music-master insisted almost indignantly.

"Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; for such another ear as she has for music, is not to be found in the world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elevés at the opera, and

with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song-school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the elevés of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young elevé acted the part of a beggar girl in the play.—Lovers of genial nature were charmed almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freischütz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up, and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact, she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace.—She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo voce" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window at the back of the theatre to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of overflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere.—And year after year she continued so, though after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public, being satisfied, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina (in Zauberflöte) in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores, and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and counted every where, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she

was feasted as one of the grandes of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society,) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered and waited, and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore. "There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, toward the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the Leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer, now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing, now it lay still. And there, on the front deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich, she had become celebrated, and she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public, written by the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where clever for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge.—The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera-house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in the "Somnambula," (one of her favorite roles,) the public, after the curtain dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause, a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain: "No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy.—All have heard of her whose history we have now

slightly shadowed out; the expected guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of nature and art is—JENNY LIND!—*Sartain's Magazine.*

MISCELLANY.

A DALECALNIAN LOVE STORY.

"AND now for a little love story!"

"A young farmer loved, at the same time, two young women, and, though strange enough, loved both with—as nearly as possible—the same affection, and they, both of them, warmly returned his passion. But one of them showed for him an almost boundless devotion: and perhaps this might be the cause, that at once, with a more determined sentiment, he turned towards the other; but she answered him, 'I will not be married amid the sighs of an unhappy one, and it is now thy duty to wed Kerstin. To me thou wilt ever remain dear, but now must we part.'

"What a field would there have been here for the French romantic! What agony, ravings, explosions, and expiations without end! Here had been sacrifices and poisonings, and, at last, three corpses. But how simply did the genius of the Dal people resolve this knotty point!

"The young man obeyed the exhortations of the serious damsel, obeyed that of duty, he married Kerstin; and, as they were both truly good and excellent people, they were happy together. They lived happily together for four years, and had three children, when the wife died. But as she lay on her death-bed she said to her husband, 'I would ask one thing of thee, and that is, that thou, after my death, wilt marry Anna, who was once, and is still, dear to thee, and who, I know, still loves thee, and that thou makest no other the mother of my children.'

"The husband mourned sincerely for his wife; but, when the customary period of mourning had expired, it was not difficult for him to endeavor to fulfill her last prayer. He went to the still unmarried, the still beloved Anna, and told her the wish of his late wife, and his own. And she answered, 'Thou art still as dear to me as formerly, and willingly would I be thy wife, but I fear for thy children. I fear that I would not be to them such a mother that I could answer it to my conscience and to the dead, and that would make thee dissatisfied with me.'

"And by that reply Anna stood fast, spite of all the arguments of love and reason that were employed to move her.

"Quite distracted came the young man one day to me, and implored my counsel, and begged me to talk with the girl, and to endeavor to persuade her to become his wife.

"To seek to persuade her I cannot promise thee,' I said, 'for in so solemn an affair a woman should make her resolve in freedom; but speak with her I will, and tell her what I think and advise in the matter.' I sent to the young woman, talked with her of her future duties, and succeeded in pacifying her all-too sensitive conscience. Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of uniting the two lovers.

"A few years afterwards I came on an official journey into the district where they resided. It was a dark autumn evening, and cold and dull without. But when I entered their room, the fire

blazed cheerily, and in its light on the floor played four children, full of pleasure. Husband and wife arose to meet the enterer, but, when they recognized me again, they became deeply moved, and began to weep. 'Ask her, ask her,' said the husband, and pointed to the wife, 'whether she be not satisfied with me?' But I did not ask her; I saw warm and happy tears already speaking."

FREDRIKA BREMER.

SMART WITNESS.

At a trial of a trespass case before one of the ward magistrates of Rochester, a long, loose-jointed canal boy—whose pants were too short at both ends, one tail of his coat torn off, and minus of both sleeves, was sworn as to what he knew in the case. His evidence spread the guilt on the defendant rather too thick for the counsel, so the latter commenced with a brow-beating, consequential air, his cross-examination.

"Well sir."

"My name ain't sur, no how."

"Boy, then."

"I'm no boy, nuther."

"Is it lad, then?"

"Not egzakly."

"Then what in thunder do they call you?"

"Ragged-tailed Bill—Hoss."

"Well, Ragged-tailed Bill Hoss, what time of day was this you speak of?"

"I don't know egzakly; about ten miles after sunrise."

"I hope the court will oblige this witness to answer my question."

Court.—"Bill, explain to the gentleman what you mean."

"Well, I had drove ten miles since sunrise, and we go about two miles and a half an hour; let him find it out by his larning."

"What business does plaintiff follow?"

"I don't know any such a man."

"What, don't know what plaintiff means."

"No, no more nor you knows what time of day ten miles after sunrise is."

The laugh began to be against the counsel, but he brightened up, and made fight again.

"Now tell me, Bill, where all this happened?"

"I've told you once on Loafer Bridge?"

"Who were there besides the parties?"

"Oh, a whole parcel of loafers."

"Well, what were they doing?"

"Why, I'spose loafering about?"

"So, on Loafer Bridge, a whole parcel of loafers were loafering about. Is that all you know about it?"

Here the witness stooped down to get his hands into his pantaloons pockets, and looking up, said, "That's um." The laugh was again against the counsel; he pocketed his papers, and was *non est.*

GETTING THE WORTH OF THE MONEY.

We heard a good one of a green sprig from the Emerald Isle, who the other day entered a boot and shoe store in Lowell to purchase himself a pair of "brogans." After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he could make him a pair to order. "An' wha-what will yer ax to make a good pair iv 'em?" was the query. The price was named; the man demurred, but after a "batin'

down," the thing was a trade. Phelan was about leaving the store, when the other called after him, asking—" But what size shall I make them, sir ?" " Och," cried he, promptly, " never mind about size, at all—make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money."

WATCH THE ENTRANCE.

It is related of Louis XI. of France that he was one of the shrewdest of monarchs in gaining over to his purposes men of the most opposite characters. He acted constantly on the maxim that the passions of men are so many roads open by which they may be taken captive, and the first question he was accustomed to ask concerning any one whom he wished to win, was, " What does he take pleasure in ?" Human nature is the same key unlocks the avenues to the heart.—Find out the man's chief pleasure, and you know how to approach and control him.—And where is the man who has not some chosen pleasure which watches to play the part of a Deliah ? Ambition, vanity, avarice, the love of ease, sensual appetite, and various other characteristics, are the avenues through which the soul is approached, made captive and destroyed. Let us see to it, each one for himself, that none of these besetments and weakness succeed in handing us over in bonds to our Philistine foes. Who among us, if he saw a suspicious person examining the entrances to his dwelling, would not take care to leave no unguarded access. Much more when the enemies of our soul's peace and purity are seeking entrance to our heart, should we set a double watch. Let us put to ourselves the decisive question, " What do we take pleasure in ?" And as the answer indicates our weak place, there let a double sentry be posted.

A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A MOTHER who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, " Do unto others, as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated.

" I can remember nothing all this day, dear mother ; only, one of my school-mates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly ; " A little girl, who sat by me on the bench at school, has lost a little brother, I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and wept ; I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

" Come to my arms, my darling !" said the mother, " to rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.

SOME years ago, when the world was mad upon lotteries, the cook of a middle-aged gentlemen drew from his hands the savings of some years.—Her master, curious to know the cause, learned that she

had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never omitted an occasion to tease her on the subject. One day, however, the master saw in a newspaper that the number was actually a prize of £20,000. Cook is called up—a palaver ensues—had known her many years—loath to part, &c. ; in short, he proposes marriage and is accepted. They were married the next morning, and as the carriage took them from the church, the following dialogue ensued :

" Well, Molly, two happy events in one day. You have married, I trust, a good husband ; you have something else—but first let me ask you where your lottery ticket is ?"

Molly, who thought he was beginning to banter the old subject, replied—

" Don't say any more about that. I thought how it would be, I never should hear the end on't, so I sold it to the baker at a guinea profit—so you needn't make any more fuss about that."

PAYING RENT.

THE Western Times tells a story of a " distressed agriculturist : "

A farmer dropped in here a few days since, to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house, he told his landlord that times being so bad, he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of bank notes on the table :

" There," said he, " that's all I can pay."

The money was taken up and counted by Mr. —, the landlord, who said—

" Why, this is twice as much as you owe !"

" Dang'ee, give it to me again," said the farmer, " I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket !"

REFORMATION.

THE condition of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price. The Reformation, one of the human improvement, was a time of trouble and confusion. The vast structure of superstition and tyranny, which had been for ages in rearing, and which was combined with the interest of the great and of the many ; which was moulded into the laws, the manners, and civil institutions of nations, and blended with the frame and policy of states, could not be brought to the ground without a fearful struggle : nor could it fall without a violent concussion of itself and all about it. When this great revolution was attempted in a more regular mode by government, it was opposed by plots and seditions of the people ; when by popular efforts, it was repressed as rebellion by the hand of power ; and bloody executions (often bloodily returned) marked the whole of its progress through all its stages. The affairs of religion, which are no longer heard of in the tumult of our present contentions, made a principle ingredient in the wars and politices of that time ; the enthusiasm of religion threw a gloom over the politices ; and political interests poisoned and perverted the spirit of religion upon all sides. The Protestant religion, in that violent struggle, infected, as the Popish had been before, by wordly interests and worldly passions, became a persecutor in its turn, sometimes of the new sects, which carried their own principles farther than it was convenient to the original reformers ; and always of

the body from whom they parted ; and this persecuting spirit arose, not only from the bitterness of retaliation, but from the merciless policy of fears.

It was long before the spirit of true piety and true wisdom, involved in the principles of the Reformation, could be depurated with the dregs and scum of the contention with which it was carried through. However, until this be done, the Reformation is not complete ; and those who think themselves good Protestants, from their animosity to others, are, in that respect, no Protestants at all.

MAXIMS.

WHEN flatterers meet the devil goes to dinner,
We never now the worth of water till the well is dry.

To whom you betray your secrets, you give your liberty.—*Italian.*

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

When a man is not liked, whatever he does is amiss.

Who will not keep a penny, will never have many.

We are bound to be honest but not to be rich.
At the gate which suspicion enters, love goes out.

A woman that loves to be at window is like a bunch of grapes by the highway.

MY WIFE-IN-LAW.

GOING the wrong way, John," cried a young mechanic to his friend, as he met him in the street.

" Got hungry," rejoined the other. " Going to the tavern to get some breakfast."

" Has your wife gone away ?

" No ! but she don't know how to cook.—Yesterday she boiled the lettuce and radish, and dished the turnips raws ; this morning the eggs were cooked as hard as butter ; if they would go into my two-barreled gun, I could shoot crows with them. And ever since I was married I have lain under the verdict of the children of Israel in the wilderness. I have had no leavened bread."

" Well John, I am in the same predicament.—Lucy don't know how to cook, so I tried it yesterday, but had no luck ; and she says she'll try to learn, and I shall send her forth-with one quarter to school to my mother, for I verily believe that half I carry into the house is wasted."

" If your wife is willing to learn you'll do well enough, and are a happy man. You have a wife, whereas I've only a wife-in law, for a women who takes no interest in her husband's welfare is not a wife indeed, or a wife in need. She is only a wife-in-law. Emma isn't willing to learn to cook or mend either. She says her mother told her it was quite vulgar now-a-days to know any things about domestic concerns, especially for a young wife. That the latest fashions is for wives to be ladies, and have their servants. That she must tell John she was not made to be a drudge, and he must not be so selfish as to want her to work.—Fine times these, George. A man that don't stand ready to support his wife, two or three attendants, and as much company, in extravagance, is directly a niggard. Don't know what will be done Men can't all be thriving business men and become independent at once ; we must have some laborers and they, poor men, must all take the

vows of perpetual celibacy, for aught I know, like the Catholic priests.

"I had a little place when I was married, but it's mortgaged now, and now I must not open my mouth to say a word. If I do, I am a niggard, and want a wife on purpose to do my drudgery."

VERY EXPLICIT.

A YANKEE riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed:

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?"

"Vy my name isch Hauns Hollenbeffenheffengraeffensteinpurg."

"Cape Cod! It's as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I haint no time to lose—I'm on a speculation. Tell me the way to Harrisburg."

"To Harrisburg? Vell, you see dat roat 'pun te hill?" pointing the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."

"Vell you must not take dat roat. You see dat roat py te coal pank?"

"Yes."

"Vell dat ish not de roat too, put you must go right py te parn, and ven you see one road crooks just so, (bending his elbow and describing it at the same time) and ven you git dere keep along till you gits fudder. Vell, den you vil turn de potato patch round te pridge over te river up the stream and te hil up, and tirely you see my podder Fritz's parn, shinkled mit straw, tats te house mine podder lives. He'll tel you so petter as I can. And you go on a little pit fudder, and you see two roats —you musn't take boat ov um."

"AWFUL SACRIFICE" TRADESMEN.

One of these generous, disinterested, sacrificing gentlemen had stuck upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday."

This man once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate, and on the official dignitary asked him whether he was worth £200, he said,

"Yes."

"But you are about to remove, are you not?"

"No."

"Why, you write up, 'selling off'."

"Yes, every shopkeeper is selling off."

"You say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused,'"

"Why I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers."

"But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'"

"To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A curious scheme this to entice, if not to entrap, the unwary.

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE.

A GLASGOW youth walking with his sweetheart along Queen-street of that city, stopped at the door of a pastry-cook's shop, and addressing his lady-love said, "Now, my dear, what will you take?"

She, expecting to be treated to some of the good things of the shop, modestly replied, "I will take anything you like."

"Then," says he, "we will take a walk," and marched past the shop.

We think the following the most romantic little story extant:

"Thomas a Becket may have inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades, and being taken prisoner. Became slave to an Elmir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a person who became more attached to him. This was the Elmir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language, London and Gilbert, and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman and went from street to street pronouncing "Gilbert." A crowd collecting about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—"Gilbert! Gilbert!" She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servaht recognized her; and Gilbert a Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far come princess with her solitary fond word."

INNOCENCE and virtue, though totally different, are often mistaken for the same thing.—Innocence is hardly to be found in this world our specimens of it are to be seen in the lamb, the dove, the infant; it consists of ignorance of evil. Virtue is alone attained through a knowledge of good and evil, and determined strife against the latter in all its forms. The innocence of this world may often go astray from very ignorance. Virtue knows both the good and evil path, but adheres to the former, Virtue then is by far the noblest attainment of the two.

"My boy," said a wag to a sharp featured little fellow, "can you inform me who it was that struck Mr. William Patterson?" "Yes, sir," said the urchin, with a saucy twitching of the muscles of the lip, "It was the man in the green spectacles vot owns the black dog." The wag was fairly bagged by his own game.

A CLERGYMAN happening to get wet, was standing before the session-room fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No, sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself, you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

A MAN killing hogs, became vexed, and vented his spleen by wishing they were in hell.

"Dear me, mother, what can he mean?" exclaimed his little daughter.

"Mean!—I suppose the awful wretched wants to have his provisions sent off before him."

A COUNTRYMAN was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says—"John, do you feel willing to die?" John "made an effort" to give his views on the subject, and answered with a feeble voice—"I think—I'd rather, stay—where—I'm better acquainted."

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE 4th of July was celebrated with uncommon spirit, in this city—the military display was exceedingly fine. The streets were thronged with strangers from the country. The day passed off very pleasantly, and the procession was conducted with the greatest order and precision—On no former occasion have we noticed so few accidents, so little disorder, or rowdiness. The procession proceeded to the Court House, where a suitable oration was delivered on the occasion, by the Hon. John T. Hogeboom.

The display of Fire Works in the evening was brilliant—From eight to nine in the evening we enjoyed an elevated position in the observatory of a high building, in a central part of the city, where we could survey the whole scene of pyrotechnic splendor many miles around. The whole sky seemed to be filled with balls of flame, of all conceivable shapes, sizes and colors, whirling in all directions above and around, while the roar of crackers beneath, and the dazzling glare of the streets far down, made up a mixture of sight and sound almost painful, by its intensity, to both eye and ear.

SUMMER.

How beautiful and calm is the first burst of the invigorating appearance of Summer; the green fields are dyed in their natural color—the shrubbery is sending its sweet odor upon every passing breeze—the feathered tribe is delighting all nature with its sweet tones of melody. Upon every side the gladness echo is heard, proclaiming contentment and happiness to the dwellers of our bountiful land. The mind is fascinated and the eye is dazzled. Summer; it is indeed a theme for contemplation.

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—

Glowing with life, by breezes fan'd,
Luxuriant, lovely as she came,

Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

In grateful silence, earth receives

The general blessing; fresh and fair

Each flower expands its little leaves,

As glad the common joy to share.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene

Its floating veil of mist is flung;

And all the wilderness of green,

With trembling drops of light is hung.

DOCT. GOODRICH'S MEDICINES.

THE Medicines of the late DOCT. GOODRICH, may be had at the Book Store of E. P. L. ELMER, and N. J. CADY'S Oyster Saloon; also at the Rural Repository Office.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. L. B. Nolensville, Tenn. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. Henry Titus to Miss Elizabeth Hollenbeck.

By the same, and on the same day, Mr. Alex. B. Meesick to Miss Mary Squires.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Polhemus Van Wyck, Mr. Franklin S. Ford, of Canaan, to Miss Mary June, daughter of Robert R. Hallenbeck, Esq. of Greenport.

At Kinderhook, on the 13th ult. by William Kip, Esq. Richard Pruyn, of Stuyvesant, to Sarah Ann Hicks, of Kinderhook.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 28th ult. after a brief illness, Ellen D. McKown, wife of John C. Campbell, Esq. and daughter of the late Hon. James McKown, of New-York.

RURAL REPOSITORY.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

The following lines are from the pen of Miss M. H. M***** of North Carolina addressed to a young bride of this city.

TO THE BRIDE OF AN ONLY BROTHER.

ONCE more I touch the tuneless string,
Of my neglected Lyre;
Once more I breathe a prayer to feel,
The poet's mystic fire.

But wherefore sigh for gifts like these,
Could e'en Parnassus' dew,
Though bathing every word I write,
Make what I say more true?

Ah no! when love inspires the strain,
We need no poet's power,
It sweetly from the soul exhales,
Like perfume from a flower.

Then though my rude unmeasured verse
Strike harshly on thy ear;
Remember 'tis the heart that speaks,
Its language only hear.

Though thou hast lovingly allured,
A brother from my side;
I blame thee not since I shall gain,
A sister in his bride.

But if amid the joyous smile
With which I welcome thee,
A half unconscious tear should fall,
Shall I forgive be?

When thou rememberest he is all,
Thou leavest none beside,
To glide with me as he has done,
A down life's fickle tide.

Take him unto thy loving heart,
All claim I now resign;
And by the influence of thy life,
Make every virtue shine.

A sister's love would crave for thee,
What words may not express;
The joys which true affection gives,
Earth's purest happiness.

May virtuous actions mark thy way,
Religion's aid be given;
To smooth the ruffled sea of life,
And give thee rest in Heaven.

Now dear ones to the gracious care
Of Him who reigns above;
I trustingly commit you both,
Confiding in His love.

For the Rural Repository.

EVENING MELODIES.

BY J. C. NICKERSON.

How sweet is communion when daylight is sinking,
And night's sombre horseman comes trooping afar;
The beauties of nature, the soul is indrinking,
And mourns not the absence of Phœbus' bright car.
Gay birds ever gleeful, glad anthems are thrilling,
The flowers in fragrance send offerings to eve;
To join in the chorus, are spirits unwilling?
Can mortals ere taste, or such pleasures conceive?

The pert little cricket, where falls the short shadow,
Its home, and its fortress, the moss-covered stone,
Keeps time with the lark, as he sinks to the meadow,
As proud in possession—a king of his throne.
A broad sweeping river towards ocean is rushing,
A rainbow in mist bidding sunlight farewell;

Half disclosed streamlet from mountain spring gushing,
Comes in with the choir, as it sports through the dell.

A closer, still closer, night's mantle is folding,
And fairies their dancinal orgies prepare,
And stellas obedient ever are holding,
Their watch in the heavens like sentinels there.
The Queen of dark shadows her silver light throwing,
O'er mountain and valley, bold woodland and plain,
So soothing its presence, so calm in its flowing,
We shrink from noon's scorchings, to live in its reign.

The Mulbury's blossoms its foliage concealing,
Bends over the violet hidden below;
Incense effervescing the zephyrs are stealing,
But literally give it again as they go.
The song of the nightingale holy and cheering,
Where mingle the branches of hawthorn above,
Peals forth while its notes so soft and endearing,
Awakens the soul to warm whispers of love.

Barre, N. Y. 1850.

HYPHO.

O, WHERE'S the doctor who can find
A medicine for the restless mind,
Or with his pills and nostrums bind
That viewless monster Hypo?

In vain physicians boast their skill
To cure the sum of human ill,
The sufferer they indeed my kill,
But cannot kill the Hypo.

None can define it; none can tell
Its cause; and no man can dispel
Thy hateful, dreaded potent spell,
O soul-corroding Hypo!

Thy power is absolute; in vain
Man boasts his prowess to restrain
Thy course, or break thy iron chain,
He is thy victim, Hypo.

Thy nameless terrors often steal
Around fair woman's heart; to feel
Thy torments, yet the curse conceal,
In her allotment, Hypo.

And tender children often start
In horror from the venomed dart,
That chills the life-blood at the heart,
And speaks thy presence, Hypo.

'Tis passing strange but it is true,
Thy terrors blockheads never view;
The sensitive and gifted few
Bow to thy sceptre, Hypo.

In twilight hours when golden rays
Of beauty close the summer days,
And Hope's bright trusting vision plays
Around the coming morrow:

'Tis then thy saddening influence flings
A shadow o'er earth's loveliest things,
And with it dark forboding brings
Off future woe and sorrow.

Around the cheerfull winter hearth,
The rightful scene of social mirth,
A demon steals. A blighting dearth
Attends thy coming, Hypo.

When sickness pales the glowing cheek,
When spirit fails and flesh grows weak,
Thy conquests then, what tongue can speak
And tell the number, Hypo.

'Tis not enough that racking pain
And torture in the body reign,
But thou must drive the mind insane,
O baneful, cruel Hypo!

O, are there none, or small, or great,
Who can thy woes alleviate,
Or from their prison liberate,
The captives of this Hypo?

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